With All Good Wishes

for A Merry Christmas and

A Happy New Year

from

I. Seyfullah Esin

Turkish Embassy.

Tokyo, December 1st 1939

My dear Miss Kellogg,

Since I wrote you last, I have been all around the world, in South America, in California — where I spent unfortunately only 4 days — and now in Japan. I am sorry that I had not your California adress, I would have called on you. I wonder if you were there at the begining of october? I hope that life has been treating you well and that you don't feel much in America all the terrible things going on in other parts of the world. Please do give me a sign of life and believe me always very sincerely yours.

ON BOARD

Yawata MARU July 27, 1941.

Dear Jean,

This is the last day of my vacation, and when I look back upon it, I do realize that it was a great success. It is rather difficult nowadays to forget, even for a short while, the incredible war-folly which has once more taken hold of the world; if I did not forget it quite, while I was in America, I have at least been able to take a more philosophical attitude towards it.

I have so much enjoyed seeing you again and finding you in good health and spirits. I wish I could have seen also some more of your work — but this for my next visit. I wonder how you liked your stay at Mills College and if you thought Fernand Léger's course worth while. I hope you will let me know about it.

On my way back from Los Angeles, I spent one night in Gaviota, in a most beautifully located ranch, overlooking the sea. The next morning I started early for San Francisco, again on Road #1, and when I arrived in Carmel, around 2.30 in the afternoon, I could not resist the temptation of visiting the old mission and take a swim on the beach, and drive back over the 17 miles drive. It really was one of the most pleasant parts of my trip and I do understand why you like Carmel.

I am so sorry I could not reach you once more before sailing: I have been very busy on Saturday, and besides, I thought that you were probably anyway out of town for the week-end.

I want to thank you one more, dear Jean, for the nice hours you allowed us to spend with you — The day and the setting were so beautiful in Del Monte, and my friend, as well as myself, often spoke of our lunch with you.

All my best wishes are with you, and I shall be very very happy if you let me have sometimes of your news.

Yours sincerely
Lyfulcet

Miss Jean Kellogg

R.F.D. # 1

Carmel, Calif.

U.S.a

IF UNDELIVERED PLEASE RETURN TO

NAME SEYFULLAH ESİN

ADDRESS Turkish Embassy

Tokyo, Japan

Ankara, February 19th, 1938

Dear Miss Kellogg,

Let me express first to you and your mother my deep sympathy for the loss of your father, which I learned through your letter of January 19th. I knew that he had been ill for quite a time and I hope that he passed away without much suffering.

It is very nice of you to want to see Turkey. To make you better acquainted with my

country, I mailed to your address under seperate cover a book of photographs, some of which are quite interesting - I hope that you will like it.

The day I received your letter, I had just read a good article on Delacroix. It explains his work very nicely through his background and his character. I could not help sending it to you here enclosed. It may interest you after reading his Journal.

I envy you for being now

in California - It is the part of the United States which I prefer above all others - If I ever come again to your country, I certainly shall not miss visiting you there -

When I was in Istanbul sometime ago, I went to see Mr Whitmore, who took me to the St Sophia and explained the work he was doing. He really does a wonderful job and I do wish that you should see it -

May I hope that you will sometimes drop me a few lines and tell me how your work is doing. I often thought of you when I looked at the beautiful

colors of the sea around Istanbul.
I am sure you would be tempted
to paint it, especially on rough days.

With most sincere wishes, I am, my
dear Miss Kellogg,

Very cordially yours

Seyfullah Esin

My Turkish address is:

I. SEYFULLAH ESİN
HARİCİYE
ANKARA, Turkey

Dear Miss Kellogg, I want to thank you and your mother for the sympathy you expressed on the demise of our great President. We find our consolation in trying to continue the work he started.

I congratulate you on the success of your first show in New York. Although I have not been able to see the reviews, I am convinced that a couple of other exhibitions will bring you fame — and I am very happy at this thought! I am sorry that I could not see it.

I just read the review of a very interesting exhibition

at Knoedler's, where the Gericault and Delacroix paintings seem to have been first rate. Did you see it?

I hope that you had a nice Christmas, and I wish you all the best for the coming year. Please present my respects to your mother and believe me

Sincerely yours

J. Seyfullah Esin

Ankara, December 17, 1938

INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION

291 Geary421 Powell Street San Francisco 2, California

DOuglas 2-6520

November 29, 1955

Miss Jean Kellogg
Carmel, California

Dear Jean:

You and your mother were terribly sweet to give up your Sunday afternoon to Mr. Basnayake and myself. The tea was delicious and the conversation stimulating.

I am glad that you are going ahead with your book and that you will soon be released to go back to your painting.

My love to both you and your mother.

Cordially,

Harriet Eliel

Harriet J. Eliel
Director

HJE mag

JIM SARASALIN

HELLO

KELLOGG

Blue Jay in
my back yard

SEP 1988
THIS PAPER MANUFACTURED BY KODAK

Bigonia in basket
in front yard

SEP 1988 THIS PAPER MANUFACTURED BY KODAK

Hi Jean - Just saying hello - haven't seen you for awhile & I know its hard for you to get over here. Took photos of the plot. I remember telling you about the deer coming down & eating the Freesia off your plot. Believe it or not, they grew back & bloomed, so I took a few pictures to show you. The Hydrania is still hanging in there. Also sent few other photos of Point Lobos which I'm sure you recognize. Take care of yourself —

Your Friend,

John

Union Hill
PAPERWORKS

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332 Hannon
Monterey, Ca. 93940

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ZIP CODE

Mrs. Jean Kellogg Nickie
428 Monroe Ave.
Monterey, California
93940

November 27, 1964

Mr. and Mrs. Paco Ferro
P. O. Box 2046
Carmel, California

Dear Bobbie and Paco:

We don't know whether you have gone abroad or are still in Carmel, but we are now at the Carmel Valley. Our new address is:

Ford and Story Roads
Carmel Valley
Telephone: 659-4077

Ever since we went to New York I have wanted to get in touch with you or come in for a little visit, but we have been snowed under. First a trip to Iowa to attend the Hoover services, then a check for James in the hospital (everything fine, I am happy to say), and then a move to a new home up in the Valley. This will surprise you, but it has been coming on for some time. We just couldn't cope with the point any longer, and to be good artists we needed fewer cares and warmer air. As it is we have new beauty and the two latter virtues. We are up near the Village on a sunny slope and as soon as we are really settled we'll give you a ring and hope you can come and inspect our new abode.

Hope you are both feeling well.

Affectionately,

FRANCISCO F. FERRO
P. Box 2046
CARMEL - 93921
CALIF

CARMEL - JUNE - 23 - 68

Dear Jim & Jean:

Last Monday, when I came back home in the evening, I found on top of the the big table your monoprint. I unwrapped it and took at it and liked it, and felt very pleased at Bobbie's selection. We feel very lucky of having such good piece of Jean Kelly. Thank you very much for delivering the print.

By now Bobbie is braking in Ireland trying to find a four-leaf-clove (which I doubt she will find) Next week she will be in Scotland with her friend Edna Shepply.

Anyhow I thank you once more

for ~~delivery~~ delivering the print, and I am remind to both of you my best regards and love

Paco

150 San Benancio Canyon Road
Salinas, California

30 October 1967

Dear Mrs. Dickie,

Enclosed is a check to the amount of $100. as fifth installment on the Winslow Homer.

After the final payment next month we would like to take the print of the bat.

Between now and then would you kindly give us a letter containing information concerning the Winslow Homer etching and the bat print.

We will be looking forward to seeing you again soon. Here's hoping your construction plans at the gallery are running smoothly.

The family sends their regards to you and your husband.

Sincerely yours,

Helen L. Foster

150 San Benancio Canyon Road
Salinas, California

20 August 1968

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Dickie,

It was with real regret that Dr. Foster and I learned about the closing of your gallery. We recall many a pleasant visit in the past, each time coming away with a feeling of lasting enrichment.

However, we do understand how the demands of the gallery could keep you from pursuing your art, and how necessary it is for artists to be free.

In the disruptive and destructive world of today it is a consoling thought that there are at least some people like yourselves who can and will continue to create and thereby perpetuate beauty and its enjoyment.

We hope that we will have the opportunity to see you in the future.

My husband joins me in wishing you every happiness.

Sincerely,

Helen L. Foster

150 San Benancio Canyon Road
Salinas, California
93901

April 16, 1979

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Dickie:

It has been a long time since we've been in contact with each other, -- too long, in fact. However, you have been in our thoughts often. We hope that both of you have been well. Much has transpired with us Fosters that has kept us "out of sight."

I must explain that for the past two and a half years my temporary self-induced seclusion (shared by my husband) has been due to an all-consuming involvement in preparing my Master's thesis on early California art history. It is now complete and affords a welcome opportunity to catch up on other important matters such as neglected correspondence and seeing old friends.

Recently, a matter has come up which brought you to mind in a very specific way and perhaps you could offer some assistance. Are you familiar with the artist James Fitzgerald whose paintings were put on exhibition at the Monterey Peninsula Museum of Art? No doubt you've seen Irene Lagorio's article in the Peninsula Herald.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Hubert, who own the collection, are very good friends of ours. Anne is currently in the process of writing a book on Fitzgerald. From what she has already told us about this interesting man I foresee a truly fascinating biography. She is interested in accumulating more information about him during his California period. Knowing of your long active artistic and social association in this area I immediately thought that very possibly you might have known him. I took the liberty of mentioning your names to the Huberts and promised to write to you.

I am enclosing a self-addressed envelop for your convenience. Should anything come to mind regarding James Fitzgerald please send it to me and the information will be forwarded to the Huberts. They assured me that they would be eternally grateful.

Dr. Foster and I just learned that you have moved from Carmel Valley. We hope that you are enjoying your new home.

We would welcome the opportunity of seeing you in the near future.

Warmest regards,

Helen L. Foster

(Mrs. Jacob J. Foster)

428 Monroe Street
Monterey
California 93940

April 24, 1979

Dear Mrs. Foster:

Jim and I were very happy to hear from you and to learn that you and Dr. Foster were well and have been pursuing your especial interests from your country retreat on San Benancio Road.

We had thought of you when we saw the two small and lovely paintings from your collection in the current Mac Glynn show at the Monterey Museum. You must have a really choice collection of early Californians now; it is gratifying to hear that Helen, is getting on with such an important thesis. There is little enough of interest on the subject.

Yes, we went down to the opening of the latest show at the Museum, and there we met Mrs. Hubert and had a short conversation with her during which she explained what she and her husband are about regarding James Fitzgerald and his work.

It so happened that when I was studying with the late Paul Dougherty in the Carmel Highlands about 1930, I was introduced in his studio to James Fitzgerald for whom Dougherty had a profound admiration. I did not come to know Fitzgerald personally, but I gathered the two men had previously known each other on Monhegan Island where Dougherty painted some of his most important marines including the one in the Metropolitan. I think I mentioned something of this to Mrs. Hubert that night, but perhaps there was not enough in the incident to interest her - except that I think the admiration of Doughtery (N.A.) and concerning whom there ought also to be a biography - was a tribute to Fitzgerald worth mentioning. I am about to send some Dougherty letters to the Smithsonian Archives of American Art who have the meagre Dougherty files. The address of Dougherty's daughter is: Mrs. Carleton S. Coons; 207 Concord Street; Gloucester; Massachusetts 01930. She might know something, but has not been too strong these past few years. (Mr. Coons is the well-known Harvard anthropologist .)

In any case we wish you every success with your historical survey. We should like to hear more about it and if you are coming to Monterey some afternoon, please let us know. It would give us great pleasure to welcome yourself and Dr. Foster to our new apartment here at 428 Monroe Street between Jefferson and Franklin uphill from Colton Hall. Our telephone is: 373- 0277 (not yet in the book.)

Jim joins in cordial remembrances to you both.

copy

J.K.D.

Aug. 4. 1968

Dear Jean,

Do I remember our excursions? I've lived them over and over and sometimes I think I enjoy them as much now- There were so many pleasant times — :—

On Charlie's ranch, the building of the cabin, the ride to Santa Rita in the evening's fog and the Italian dinner of beans and French bread, etc. etc.

The night's ride to the cliffs above the shore to catch the moonlight on the waves, the dinner invitations to Peter Pan- Bringing Father MacDonald home after 8 o'clock mass and having breakfast that his sister prepared.

Going to Nova's and Don's and Arthur's and the Chinese dinner in Monterey and once

each week to Pop Ernst's for Filet of Sole and his son waited on us- Our rides to San Francisco and Oakland and to the home of your Godparents and on and on and on!

It was a grand time we had and so rewarding —
Now, all the women we knew in Carmel are gone - I don't know about Dow or Arthur, do you?

So love to you and the Very Best to your Gentleman friends and companions

Franz —

Lina M. Franz
31 North Oak Street
Ventura, Calif. 93001

Jean's nurse + companion
at Carmel - (Her nephew
head of Ventura General Hospital
helped with mother's cremation plans)

VENTURA
AUG 4
P M
1968
CALIF.

Mrs. James Dickie,
Story Road,
Carmel Valley,
Calif- 93924-

November 27, 1964

Miss Caroline Garrecht
sGarrecht Travel Service
7 Front Street
San Francisco, California

Dear Caroline:

It was good of you to send us the refund. Came in handy! I did have a wonderful trip to Iowa. All your trips work well. Jim is giving your name to a friend in the Carmel Valley who is going to travel soon.

We have moved from the point. Our new address is:

Ford and Story Roads
Carmel Valley, California 93924
Telephone: 659-4077

Hope Ann is feeling better and that you both will come and see us on our lovely sunny hillside.

Affectionately,

Jean sends her best regards to both you and Mr. Kallos[illegible].

RD #1
Buskirk, N.Y.

November 16, 1956.

Dear Jean:

I have just had your letter in which you told me you were sending me a copy of the Jeffers' book with your illustrations. It has not yet, of course, arrived, but since you seem about to depart for such exotic climes as the Orient and especially, as you say, India...I want to tell you how much I appreciate your thinking of me and wanting to send me a copy. I need not see the book in full to recall the several prints you had made and were making when I was at your house, and to look forward to the final and complete version. I remember what I saw with more than pleasure...certainly a great deal of respect for what you can do in this medium. At that stage you were still worrying through some of the problems, I remember, still "sweating it out", and yet I thought you already had it.

I will write you again after the book has come.

By the way, a week or so ago I received a card from the Monterey Peninsula Herald office which had been buried, so they tell me, under a pile of assorted objects by some error...a postcard from your mother to me. Please tell her how much I appreciate hearing from people when they like something...I fear it is not often justified, or at least, not often liked. I should write her directly, but shall probably delay and I wanted her to know her communique was not in vain nor ignored.

Again thanks for thinking of me.

By the way, I once told you of someone in Paris in whom you would be interested, I'm sure, or who would at least perhaps send you along to interesting things in book illustration of the most illustrious sort...in case you decide to return via Europe and Paris, here is his name and address. Be sure to request a view of his own and other books...most extraordinary...

Alexander Alexeieff
36 Avenue Chatillon. As I recall, it is near Denfert-Rochereau. Left Bank, towards La Cite Universite. Russian emigre, about 57-60, American wife, speaks English. Very gracious.

My best to you, Gene Grossen

no 5

THE WASHINGTON POST COMPANY

1150 Fifteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20071

KATHARINE GRAHAM
Chairman of the Board

May 12, 1982

Dear Jean,

I was immensely moved to receive your nice note, which did indeed reach me.

You were so kind to mention Bill's death. He was very much as you describe. He died of a coronary, but had just been told he had cancer, so I suppose it was lucky, in a way, for him.

I remember all of you very well -- including visiting you in Monterey with my mother.

Thank you for your thoughtful note.

Sincerely,

Kay

Mrs. James Dickie
428 Monroe Street
Monterey, California 93940

Sir A. Grantham
Governor - Hong Kong

90 PICCADILLY
LONDON W·1
GROSVENOR 2412

18th January 1961.

Dear Joan,

We were both very glad to have your letter and your news and are hoping that our paths will cross again one day and that we shall meet your husband. Of course we hope to return to Carmel and also that you will come to London

one day -

The poem that your mother wrote has just arrived and we are so looking forward to reading it. We remember her so well and feel privileged to have met her - I should very much like sending us a copy -

With warm regards to you and your husband from us both.

Yours sincerely

Maureen Panther

ALLEN GRIFFIN
MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

Mary 5, 1960

Dear Jean:

You have taken no risk at all. The friendly feelings I have entertained for you are intact, perhaps friendlier than ever.

I almost agree with you. But I also believe in capital elimination of certain elements. I have known, slightly it is true, a few human savages. Once, for instance, I saw an American soldier murder three German captives. I put him under arrest and sent him away, but I wanted to kill him --far more than I ever wanted to cause the death of an enemy in war. In fact -- oh, well, I don't want to run on.

There isn't going to be any kind of new society --with freedom. And I don't think we should hope for what absolutely cannot be, but rather for the little advance that we may painfully make against always overburdening odds. But at present part of our main job is pretty big: to save freedom and to save ourselves from being annihilated.

Most sincerely,

Allen

Monterey Peninsula Herald

ALLEN GRIFFIN
President

F. K. ARTHUR, JR.
Editor and Publisher

R. B. GIFFORD
Business Manager

P.O. BOX 271 • MONTEREY • CALIFORNIA 93940
(Area Code 408) Phone 372-8111

Member of
AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

June 15, 1970

Jean Kellogg Dickie
Story Road
Carmel Valley, Calif. 93924

Dear Jean:

Your letter of June 10, 1970, gave me a real thrill. In the first place, we haven't conversed or otherwise communicated in an awfully long time. In the second place, I was delighted with your comments on the Bicentennial edition which is indeed a great achievement for a small newspaper.

I must tell you, however, I had little to do with that achievement other than to make the customary abjurations, pleas and suggestions that an allover editor would make when the conception of such an edition was first advanced. The heavy work, editorially, was done by John Woolfenden, who is more or less your neighbor in the Carmel Valley, and who is a man not only of great capability, but of vast production powers. During the period he was sweating out this edition he was also reporting the political and ecological news of Carmel Valley, the weekly bird column, the Saturday editorial and various other chores. It is true that he had some assistance in research work, but he is a thorough-going researcher himself.

In the background, I think that oldtimer, Jimmy Costello, helped with many suggestions.

During the last 6 weeks of the birth pains of the various sections of the Bicentennial Edition, I was gaily traveling around the world with my wife, free of all worries and harassment.

I hope to have the opportunity soon to see some of your work you are now doing. With warmest regards to you and your husband.

Sincerely yours,

Allen

AG/mk

Allen Griffin

Carmel, Calif.
May 15, 1960

Dear Jean:

I was grieved to hear of your mother's death. Even though we are aware and expect life's enevitabilities it is always a time of sorrow and remorse when a dear one leaves us. Strength is needed in times such as these and I hope that in some way you are able to feel and gain the love and strength that your friends send you.

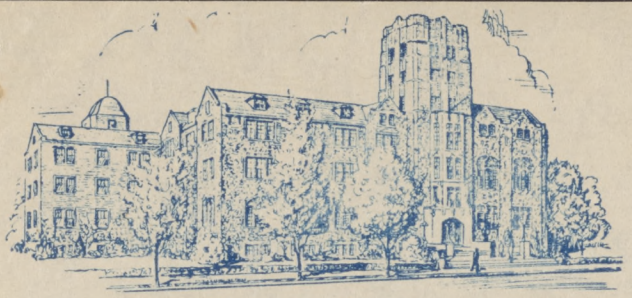
I was very fond of your mother. She was a true lady; a kindly, cultured and dignified person. What an interesting and full life she had too. Surely no one could have regrets and misgivings when reviewing a life such as the one your mother lived. She certainly left this world better than she found it by giving her energies and intelligence. How few of us will ever be able to leave the contributions that she has. There is no question but that she has had a successful and a happy life.

You should feel proud to have had her for so many years even though the last several years were difficult for you both. I too am proud to have known her and I feel that I am a better person because of it. She is truly a fine example of a life lived in God. We too shall miss her but I feel that instead of feeling the loss we should use the example of her life more as an inspiration.

Most sincerely,

David Hagemeyer

photographer + Surveyor



MICHIGAN UNION
Ann Arbor, Michigan

January 21, 1947

Dear Miss Kellogg:

Enclosed is a clipping sent to me about your exhibition. I wish I were in San Francisco to see it! I am sure you are having a huge success.

It was good to be able to speak with you over the phone the other day while I was visiting in Carmel. It is angelic of you to think of sending part of your uncle's collection of books to our Library. Since we are going to specialize eventually on the United States, your gift will

MICHIGAN UNION
Ann Arbor, Michigan

be most in order. I shall see that a special Exhibit of it be arranged in the Library premises when I am back in China in August.

You may send the books directly to the following address:—

The Library of Western Thought
C/o Mr. K. P. Chen
Shanghai Commercial and Savings Bank
Shanghai, China.

Mr. Chen is the donor of the Library. I've asked him to take charge of books sent to the Library before I return. He has just written me that available premises are found for the Library.

Kindly let us pay for the freight in shipping the books to China. Send the bill to:—

3

Professor Lin Tung-Chi
Ph. D.

MICHIGAN UNION
Ann Arbor, Michigan

The Library of Western Thought
Att.: Mr. T. J. Liew
Suite 1755
630 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Liew is a representative of the above mentioned Bank. He will see that you get the reimbursement.

It may please you to know that the University of California, Stanford University, Mills College and sending their duplicate copies to us. The American Social Science Council will send us some 500 select books, recently published in U.S.

I was giving the series of lectures on Chinese thought last

MICHIGAN UNION
Ann Arbor, Michigan

week at the University of Michigan here. Had a most enthusiastic reception. After my concluding lecture the applause was so prolonged that I had to rise from my seat & bow to the audience like a symphony conductor in the midst of a somewhat theatrical environment! You Americans are very generous & hospitable to foreigners, I think.

I am leaving for England Feb. 20. I can always be reached through either of the above addresses.

Sincere wishes for your
Success & full life,

Lin Tung-chi

Brund

海 光 圖 書 館
HAIKWANG LIBRARY OF WESTERN THOUGHT

16, LANE 209
PANYU ROAD
SHANGHAI (20), CHINA

TELEPHONE:
22361

Miss Jean Kellogg
R.F.D. #1, Box 172
Carmel, Cal.

June 9, 1948

Dear Miss Kellogg,

I was glad to get your letter of April 21 and to receive the volumes listed below:

Weston, California and the West...
Austin, Earth Horizon...
Kellogg, Jadwiga, Queen of Poland...
Eliot, The Family Reunion...
Morrison, Man Does Not Stand Alone...
Huneker, Egoists, A Book of Supermen...
Ferrara, The Private Correspondence of Nicole Machiavelli...
Kellogg, Beyond War...
The Works of Allan Ramsay, Vols. I and II...
Williams (Editor), New Poems, 1942...
Vernon Kellogg, 1867-1937...

These will form a valuable addition to our Library and are particularly fitting tokens of your friendship as they are in part a product of your parents. It is very kind of you to have remembered me and to have sent the books.

This Library has been formally set up and began to function the first of June. We have engaged three Fellows to study with me on the problem of contemporary civilization, its crisis and implications. We hope to be able to publish a series of symposiums on the subject in the not too distant future. Please write when you can and inform us of the developments in the field of art and aesthetics in the States which you think would be of value to an institution such as ours.

I recall with greatest pleasure the visit at your charming studio. Your exhibit in San Francisco proved, I am sure, a genuine success. I am still interested in your theory about painting which coincides in many respects with the standard Chinese ideas centuries ago. Please remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Ritschel and to Mr. John O'Shea.

With best regards,

Sincerely yours,

Lin Tung-chi

Lin Tung-chi
(Director)

海光圖書館
HAIKWANG LIBRARY OF WESTERN THOUGHT
16, LANE 209, PANYU ROAD
SHANGHAI (20), CHINA

美國

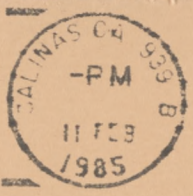
Miss Jean Kellogg
R.F.D. #1, Box 172
Carmel, Cal.
U.S.A.

Dear Jean

2/9/85

What a beautiful note you wrote about Virginia. You were probably the artist she respected most on the Peninsula and one whom she had great affection for. Knowing that made it a great joy to receive your note. Thank you

Hugh Hannon



Mr. Jean Dickie

428 Monroe St #2

Monterey

Calif

93940

HAPPY VALLEY SCHOOL
OJAI CALIFORNIA 93023-0850

(P.O. Box 850)

June 10, 1986

Mrs. James Dickie
428 Monroe Street #2
Monterey, Ca. 93940

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

Thank you so much for your gift of rare and beautiful books to the Louis Zalk library. It is truly a pleasure for us to receive collector's items like these for our reference section. The book of Mughal minatures which you inscribed is particularly delightful to me.

You have enriched our collection and we thank you.

Sincerely,

Lanny Kaufer

Lanny Kaufer
Librarian

LK:jc

HAPPY VALLEY SCHOOL
OJAI CALIFORNIA 93023-0850

BOOKS DONATED BY MRS. JAMES DICKIE MAY, 1986

1. The Girl Who Ruled A Kingdom	Charlotte Kellogg
2. The Lights of Canopus	J. V. S. Wilkinson (ed.)
3. Goya	Museo del Prado
4. Thebes	Jean Capart
5. Tiszafured Pottery	Karoly Viski
6. Trans-Danubian Mirror-Cases	Laszlo Madarassy
7. Hollande	Jean Bazaine
8. Draw Your Own Zoo (2 copies)	James Dickie
9. Your Child Can Draw! (2 copies)	James Dickie

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HAPPY VALLEY SCHOOL
COLLEGE PREPARATORY • GRADES 9 THROUGH 12

MARCH 8th, 1989

DEAR MRS. DICKIE:

I WISH TO EXPRESS MY SINCERE APPRECIATION FOR YOUR PERSONAL GIFT OF FINE ART PAPERS.

IT HAS BEEN A "QUEST" OF MINE TO RESEARCH AND UTILIZE QUALITY FINE ART PAPERS FOR WATERCOLOR PAINTING AND PRINTS ---------- I FIRST EXPERIMENTED WITH THE ENGLISH F. J. HEAD PAPER FOR WATER-COLORS. TO PURCHASE A QUANITITY OF THIS PARTICULAR PAPER, I FOUND THAT I HAD TO LOCATE THE PAPER IN NEW YORK AND ACQUIRE THE LAST (50) AVAILABLE SHEETS.

YOU MAY WELL KNOW HOW IMPORTANT THESE FINE ART PAPERS WHICH YOU HAVE SENT ARE TO ME. I DEEPLY APPRECIATE YOUR KINDNESS.

SINCERELY,

Stephen Sylvester

ARTIST-IN-RESIDENCE

Post Office Box 850 • 8585 Ojai-Santa Paula Road • Ojai, California 93023-0850 • (805) 646-4343

HARRISON MEMORIAL LIBRARY » CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA

P.O. Box 237
Carmel, California
September 20, 1954

My dear Miss Kellog;

It is again my pleasant duty to write you our thanks for another generous gift to the Library--this time, two framed pictures and a collection of books on art.

We thank you indeed for sharing your personal collection with the people of Carmel. I am personally thrilled with the Winslow Homer print of the Civil War.

On behalf of the Library Board, a hearty thank-you.

Very sincerely yours,

Elise deCelles Beaton

Elise deCelles Beaton
Secretary, Board of Trustees,
Harrison Memorial Library

HARRISON MEMORIAL LIBRARY » CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA

P.O. Box 237
Carmel, California
November 29, 1955

Dear Miss Kellog:

At a special meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Harrison Memorial Library, November 28th, your proposed gift of framed photographs by Edward Weston was discussed.

We wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation. Your offer to hang these pictures of Point Lobos and one of Robinson Jeffers, at the same time as Life's special article about Mr. Weston and this area, is most generous. It will be an ideal time to open this exhibit.

The Board will be happy to accept your gift of pictures up to the limit of wall space in the main reading room, possibly eight. The use of the small display board for this special exhibit will be temporary, as it is frequently used for various displays. Of course our Board has authority to arrange for art displays only within the term of office of our Board membership.

We appreciate your desire to make your beautiful gift an anonymous tribute to Mr. Weston.

Cordially yours,

Elise deCelles Beaton

Elise deCelles Beaton
Secretary, Board of Trustees
Harrison Memorial Library

HARRISON MEMORIAL LIBRARY » CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA

September 16th, 1965.

Mr. and Mrs. James Dickie,
RD 1, Box 101,
Carmel, Calif.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Dickie,

The Board of Library Trustees would like you to know how very grateful they are for your interest in the expansion of the library facilities and for your kindness in speaking to Mr. Ferrante on the subject. We are planning to proceed in the matter as you suggested.

Very truly yours,

Frederick K. Duhring

Frederick K. Duhring, President,
Board of Library Trustees.

HARRISON MEMORIAL LIBRARY
OCEAN AND LINCOLN STREETS
CARMEL, CALIFORNIA 93921

Box 800

January 20, 1969.

Mrs. Jean Kellogg Dickie,
Story Road,
Carmel Valley, Calif.

Dear Mrs. Dickie,

At it's January meeting the Board of Library Trustees voted unanimously to accept your offer of the portrait of Duse, and instructed me to write to you to this effect.

They are most grateful to you for your kindness and your continued generosity to this library.

Very sincerely yours,

Ruth Galvin Thornburg

Ruth Galvin Thornburg
Chief Librarian.

RGT:hof

Mother of Perpetual Help,

Pray for Us

The Twenty-Third Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness
for His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me; Thy rod and
thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the
presence of mine enemies: thou anointest
my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life: and I will
dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

LUCIE HEYMANN

A native of Paris, France
and was born on March 28, 1900
Passed away in Monterey, California
on Monday, January 30, 1995

Memorial Mass
San Carlos Cathedral
Thursday, February 2, 1995
at 7:00 p.m.

Celebrant
Father Joseph Occhiuto

Organist
Ms. Elaine Miller

Private Cremation
was held

Inurnment
San Carlos Catholic Cemetery

APPRECIATION

On behalf of the family, we wish to express their gratitude for your many kindnesses evidenced in thought and deed, and for your attendance at this service.

Mission

Mortuary, Inc.

450 Camino El Estero, Monterey, California 93940

Dear Jean

Isabelle Armitage

her daughter Agnès and her grand-daughters

Elisa, Noémie and Mathilde

thank you for your loving response

upon the death of their mother

grand-mother and great-grand-mother

L U C I E H E Y M A N N

1900 - 1995

Thank you for your beautiful letter Love

Ca

Dick Higgins

P. O. Box 27, Barrytown, NY 12507

Tel: (914) 758-6488 Fax: (914) 758-4416

18. June, 1993

To:
Manuscript Librarian
Jean Kellogg Dickie Papers
BEINECKE LIBRARY
Yale University
New Haven, CT 06520

Dear Sirs or Mss:

One of the librarians at the Grolier Club suggested that I contact you in connection with a book I am writing on Merle Armitage (1893-1975). Armitage was a book designer and a close friend of the Eric Barker and Robinson Jeffers circle. He designed a deluxe edition of Jeffers's *Loving Shepherdess* which included some very handsome etchings by Kellogg, and of this I happen to have a copy. I don't think there are any mysteries surrounding that one.

But later he designed a small book which is what I am inquiring about—

Jimmy Dickie, *Your Child Can Draw* (Fresno, CA: Academy Guild and Yucca Valley, CA: Manzanita Press, 1961).

I have been completely unable to obtain a copy of this, nor have I managed to figure out who "Jimmy" Dickie was or is. I know the book must have been fairly successful, because a Spanish-language edition was published, perhaps in Mexico. His name is given as "Jimmy" on the title page and "James Dickie" on the copyright; that I know, but that is just about all I know.

Could you perhaps put me in contact with someone from the Dickie family who might be able to tell me about the Mr. Dickie, his dates for instance?

Hoping to hear from you, I am

Very sincerely yours

Richard C. Higgins

Yale University Library
New Haven Connecticut 06520-7429

September 8, 1993

Mrs. Jean Kellogg Dickie
428 Monroe Street #2
Monterey, CA 93940

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

The enclosed letter from Mr. Richard Higgins was forwarded to the Manuscripts and Archives department during the summer. I responded to Mr. Higgins on August 5, 1993 and gave him information on the four folders of correspondence in the Kellogg-Dickie Papers between Merle Armitage and you and your husband, James (Jimmie) Dickie. Mr. Higgins has replied to my letter and requests that I forward his original letter to you. If you wish to correspond with Mr. Higgins you may do so directly at the address given in his letterhead.

Sincerely,

Nancy F. Lyon

Nancy F. Lyon
Archivist
Manuscripts and Archives

NFL/nas

Enclosure

replied - 9/14/93
Jean K. Dickie

Copy

(tel) Area 408, 373-0277

428 Monroe Street, Apt. #2, Monterey, CA 93940

September 15,1993

Mr. Dick Higgins
P.O. Box 27
Barrytown, N.Y. 12507

Dear Mr. Higgins:

Ms. Nancy Lyon, Yale University Archivist, has sent me a copy of your June 18th letter to the Library, and another letter dated July 20, 1993.

She suggested that I might like to get in touch with you regarding the connection between my late husband, the cartoonist Jimmie Dickie, and Merle Armitage.

Born in Renfrew, Scotland, James came to California at the age of six with his widowed mother (the father having been killed in the First World War) . Jimmie (who really wanted to be a singer) got his start as comic artist for the Oakland Tribune. His Sunday strip WHAT DOES YOUR DOG DO? was an immediate success. In those vaudeville days Jim would draw on stage for the children between the main movies. He was enormously popular with kids. In spite of that,illness and the burden of supporting his mother kept him down. So after our marriage I introduced him to Merle whom I had met through my friend Edward Weston (photographer) Merle offered to bring out the book I am sending you. Everything else flowed from that -- How To Draw Books etc. Merle was a real impressario!

In any case I am happy to know of your Dickie interest.His original drawings are in the San Francisco Cartoon Art Museum, and the Museum of Modern Art Film Department in New York owns four of his original woodcuts to advertise his movie shorts on How To Draw. These were hand cut and were very large,3x6' . Nothing like these were ever made again.(Originally there were 12.)

Jim was born in Renfrew, Scotland, August 19, 1904

and died in Monterey, California , on May 12, 1986.

Thank you for your interest.

Sincerely,

P.S. I have informed Ms. Lyon that I have sent you the book.

J.K.D

Refer to the importance of Eric Barker (JK)

Dick Higgins
P. O. Box 27
Barrytown, NY 12507
Tel: (914) 758-6488
Fax: (914) 758-4416

22. September, 1993

Jean Kellogg Dickie
428 Monroe Street, Apt. 2
Monterey, CA 93940

Dear Jean Kellogg Dickie--

Many thanks for sending me the information on your late husband and the copy of his YOUR CHILD CAN DRAW. I am truly delighted to have it, and, thanks to your information and my having a copy of the actual book in hand, the entry in my book on it and on Mr. Dickie will be far better.

From your letter am I to understand that there were also other "How to draw" books by Jimmie Dickie? When you say that "Armitage was a real impresario" in this case, do you mean he acted as agent for Dickie? Armitage didn't design any of the others, did he?

I wonder how much of the original design was preserved in the current Mexican edition...

It must have been wonderful to have been part of the Big Sur world of the fifties. In the sixties, when I was publisher of Something Else Press, I had an interesting correspondence with Henry Miller, but otherwise I had no direct contact with any of the people from that world. Later I lived at Newhall, California, only eighty miles or so from Armitage's Manzanita Ranch, but I did not know he was still with us and, so, never met him. Too bad, because he had been an important figure to me since my teen years.

By the way, did you know Elise Cavanna? She too must have been a remarkable woman. The Los Angeles woman with whom I am working on the Armitage exhibition, Victoria Dailey, is also especially interested in Elise Cavanna's work. Long ago when she had an art gallery she made an exhibition of Cavanna. Between us, Victoria and I have obtained copies of all of the Elise/Armitage books except the ECONOMICS ROUND TABLE (it includes her gorgeous drawings and Armitage's fullest political essay--a sort of intuitive Wilkiite Republicanism). That one eludes us. Victoria has Elise's dummy for the Bellamy LOOKING BACKWARDS, which is fascinating in what it shows about their working methods.

I have gotten permission to include an Edward Weston portrait of Armitage in my book, and am hoping to work out the same for two Brett Weston ones from 1958-- so the Weston-Armitage friendship can be celebrated in my book, which should appear in early 1995.

Wishing you the best of luck, and thanking you again for the copy of YOUR CHILD CAN DRAW, I am

Very cordially yours

Dick Higgins

Dick Higgins

P. O. Box 27, Barrytown, NY 12507

Tel: (914) 758-6488 Fax: (914) 758-4416

31. October, 1993
Halloween

To:
Jean Kellogg Dickie
428 Monroe Street, Apt. #2
Monterey, CA 93940

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

Thanks for the clipping about Barker. Helps put him more into perspective.

I just abandoned reading Austin Tappan Wright's *Islandia,* of which I own Armitage's copy. It is a thousand pages long as is, and in her foreword Wright's daughter Sylvia says she edited it down from a work about four times that length! Lawrence Powell wrote about that curious Utopian novel, and Armitage designed the newsletter of Powell's speech. I can't see why, except for MA's friendship for Powell, since it is quite dreadful—a sort of Southern Hemisphere Shangri-lah fusion of Cape Verde and Tasmania about Islandia, a country inhabited by a Caucasian people of unspeakable antiquity wearing knickerbockers, sandals and tunics, terribly homespun and opposed to commerce and foreign contacts, with a history of making war with the "Negroid" tribesmen and Arabs with whom they share their continent. The plot thickens when a rivalry develops among the industrial powers from outside to force the door of Islandia open à la Perry/Japan and to obtain a concession to build railways among other things. Perhaps it is that episode, ultimately not very important in the book, that interested Armitage in it.

Ah well—I really did try.

Very bests

Dick Higgins

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA 6/30/92

DEAR JEAN—

PLEASE FORGIVE ME FOR NOT RESPONDING SOONER TO YOUR WONDERFUL GIFTS. YOUR MOTHER'S POETRY IS A TREAT OF WHICH I AM VERY PROUD, AND THE BOOK IS ONE OF THE FEW THINGS I HAVE BEEN GIVEN IN MY ADULT LIFE WHICH I WILL CHERISH AND KEEP CLOSE TO REMIND ME OUR FORTUITOUS MEETING ON THE PLANE FROM MONTEREY TO ORANGE COUNTY.

YOUR GIFTS ALSO REMINDED ME OF MY LOVE FOR ROBERT FROST. AS A WRITER, FROST WAS ONE OF MY EARLIEST GRADESCHOOL INFLUENCES. WE DRIFTED APART OVER THE YEARS AS I LEFT SCHOOL AND BEGAN TO CARVE OUT A CAREER FOR

MYSELF, BUT NOW YOU HAVE BROUGHT HIM BACK TO ME (OR YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME BACK TO HIM), WITH THE BOOK AND THOSE PRECIOUS PHOTOS.

I WAS PLEASED TO HEAR THAT YOU WERE BACK IN YOUR ELEMENT IN MONTEREY. I KNOW THAT YOUR VISIT TO NEWPORT BEACH WAS APPRECIATED.

AS FOR ME, I'VE BEEN WORKING AND DREAMING, AS USUAL, AND THINKING ABOUT MY PLACE IN THE FUTURE. VERY SERIOUS STUFF.

I AM COMPLETING THIS LETTER IN A COFFEE HOUSE. COFFEE HOUSES ARE A RELATIVELY NEW FORM OF POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. THEY ARE A BIT LIKE THE SALONS WHERE PEOPLE SIT AROUND, SIP JAVA AND DISCUSS POLITICS, ART AND LIFE. IT'S THE CLOSEST WE

CAN GET TO PARIS BETWEEN THE WARS, I GUESS. BUT IT'S A GOOD ATMOSPHERE FOR JUST SITTING AND PONDERING.

I EXPECT THAT I'LL BE UP YOUR WAY IN AUGUST FOR THE HISTORIC RACES AT LAGUNA SECA. I'LL CALL YOU AND PERHAPS WE CAN HAVE LUNCH OR DINNER.

UNTIL THEN, SAY HELLO TO THE TREES, THE SUNSET AND THE BAY FOR ME!

YOUR FRIEND,

RICHARD HOMAN

LAW OFFICES
THOMSON JAY HUDSON
FIRST FEDERAL COURT ADOBE
HARTNELL AT POLK
MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA
TELEPHONE 373-1851

July 15, 1965

OUR FILE County of Monterey
Personal

Mr. & Mrs. Jim Dickie
Ford & Story Roads
Carmel Valley, California

Dear Jean and Jim:

Many thanks for your nice letter of July 6, 1965. It is letters like yours that make my life in Government easier. Please keep in touch on matters in the Carmel Valley in which you are interested.

Sincerely,

TJH

Thomson J. Hudson

TJH/em

LAW OFFICES
THOMSON JAY HUDSON
FIRST FEDERAL COURT ADOBE
HARTNELL AT POLK
MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA
TELEPHONE 373-1851

November 21, 1966

OUR FILE County of Monterey

Jean Kellogg Dickie
Story Road
Carmel Valley, Calif.

Dear Jean:

Thank you for your letter of the 20th concerning the problem in front of the Cummings building on Del Fino Place. I will check to see what progress has been made following my discussion with Larry Cummings several months ago.

I have never taken the position suggested by you in your second paragraph that there is no need for improvements in drainage control. The difficulty in the Carmel Valley is that the people who suffer from poor drainage and flooding have been unable to get the support of friends and neighbors on higher ground, and for that reason, I have never been able to sell the idea of a flood control district for the whole Valley, which would solve some of these smaller, but highly annoying problems. I will be in touch with you or Larry Cummings later.

Sincerely,

Tom

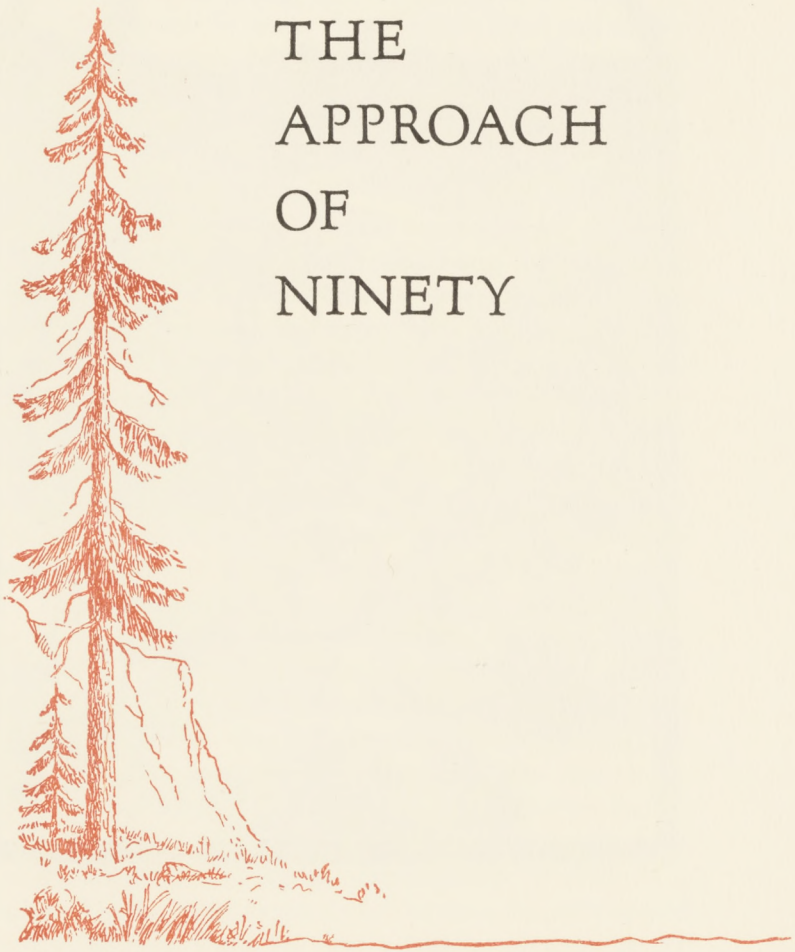
Thomson J. Hudson

TJH/em

Mrs. Allaire - also - will keep in touch -

AT THE APPROACH OF NINETY

AT THE APPROACH OF NINETY



A Greeting from Rockwell D. Hunt in the year 1957

SEMPER FIDELIS
UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
FOUNDED 1880
THE GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA
EUREKA
ECONOMICS
POLITICS
RELIGION
SOCIOLOGY
HISTORY
PHILOSOPHY
ANTHONY EUWER

AS I approach ninety the time is ripe for what one has called "the harvest years when wisdom pays its most generous dividends." Ours is a country where it's wonderful to be young; but to me it's also wonderful to be old. Sunset may be nearer than I think; but I still rejoice in the spirit of youth. I have amassed many experiences; but in the total perspective, life has yielded me a bountiful harvest of inner happiness and blessings beyond computing. I find my age "not a curse but a fulfillment."

Of I am quite aware of physical limitations—to deny this would be simply senseless. I don't run upstairs three at a time, I am through with climbing trees, or engaging in wrestling matches, or performing on a trapeze! Now and then there may be a slight bodily ailment, though symptoms are rare. Some rocking-chair oldsters appear to find in their ailments their chief occupation, their main topic of conversation—they're sure to find plenty to talk about! Forever thinking about yourself, picking yourself to pieces, mulling over things that are past and can't be helped, is about the most profitless use of precious time: it puts you on the high road of really going to pieces.

I find moderate exercise, appropriate to my age, to be one of the best forms of health insurance. Dr. Paul Dudley White is not alone in deprecating a failure to use our muscles because we now have push-buttons for almost everything. I have found nothing better than briskly walking in the open air. My usual morning walk of more than a mile has been kept up for more than two decades. This is supplemented by simple limbering-up exercises before retiring at night. Another practice, more recently adopted, is taking an afternoon nap, or *siesta,* in a darkened room, for the better part of an hour. No self-imposed exercise, however, keeps me from a periodic check-up by my

trusted physician. I now believe in a semi-annual examination. And I do not doubt that a serene spirit and a good conscience are strong factors in maintaining sound physical health.

In reviewing the past, I find that sometimes I have been inclined to make an issue of things that really did not matter, a weakness that tends to impair or destroy true life perspective. Decisions reached on trivial questions not involving fundamental life principles or moral integrity are to be taken in stride, not to be constantly looked back upon with regrets or self-defeating thought—thought that should be given to constructive purposes. Complete self-mastery does not require me to insist that others shall agree with my meticulous demand regarding matters of no particular consequence, even though I may be certain of my own position.

When it comes to weightier matters involving my own conviction of right or justice, there is no room for compromise or mere expediency. But even then I must always play the part of a gentleman, and never descend to the level of a bore: hectoring insistence on even a good thing is itself something less than good. To be willing to meet and talk only with those who completely agree with me would be a sure indication of immaturity and prejudice.

A common misfortune, not unlike loneliness, is the fear of growing old, widely prevalent but a preventable weakness, a symptom of frustration, which helps to create a noxious climate for many who should be coming into wholesome maturity. A feeling of uselessness, with ever-narrowing horizon, brings a sense of vacuity—one clings to his receding past as a chief refuge: he withdraws from his friends when he needs them most, and shuns social groups to his own hurt. Being afraid to grow old is itself a symptom of approaching senility: it can be banned by seizing each day, early in the morning, retaining the spirit of adventure, daily practicing the principle, "There is no known age limit to man's personal growth and self-realization."

I find no valid reason for complaint or unhappiness: there are so many things I can do with keen relish, things befitting my age and station. Some of these have been continued from youth, others have required further development—all stimulate to wholesome activity, adding to the zest of living. My problem lies not in finding things I can do and enjoy, but in finding time for pursuing them and allotting to each its reasonable portion. Present interests being so many and so varied, of all the commodities I possess time has become the most precious.

Of late I've been trying to formulate admission requirements, as prerequisite to my entrance, in honorable standing, into the ranks of the nonagenarians; and have arrived at an even dozen self-imposed admission tests. Each is to be answered honestly, by myself:

Do I still have a sincere desire to learn?

Do I possess a contented spirit?

Am I willing to acknowledge my ignorance with regard to certain fields, and to live by faith?

Am I diligent in seeking to maintain an active intellect, "the mind alive"?

Am I ready to promise not to dwell exclusively in the past?

Will I agree to keep alive my spirit of adventure?

Have I learned to practice moderation in all things?

Will I agree to cultivate the "unbought graces" of sentiment?

Do I ever indulge in the wish that I were some one else?

Can I honestly say I like people as they are?

In my heart do I harbor any bitterness toward any person?

Am I ready to pledge that I will strive with patience to the end?

In applying for admission I must set forth with care a purely individual inventory that embraces all phases of my personality, then ponder the vital question of so investing my

capital resources as to bring the largest, most ample income in the form of psychic and spiritual dividends.

First, there's the question of sentiment. At my stage there's still a place for sentiment. The false fear of sentimentality often robs life of its finer graces and its sweetness. Too often we "hide our tenderness under a cloak of sophistication," thus stultifying ourselves with a kind of psuedo-Stoicism.

Many relatives and friends have died, others are grievously afflicted. Human sympathy demands that I do not permit my emotional life to atrophy, but that I can still experience poignant feelings, suffer with suffering friends, and rejoice with them that rejoice. Absence of sympathy has been likened to partial suicide. I must retain and cultivate the antithesis of indifference and apathy—retain "capacity to care." Emerson was great because he spoke simply, directly from the heart. I'd rather cleave to the warmth of sentiment and permit sincere expression of emotion than appear to be past master of disinterested maturity for fear of being under-rated or misunderstood.

Since I lost my beloved companion a score of years ago, I have in the main kept myself free from loneliness, largely because I have kept myself productively busy and alert to many interests. I've seen the loneliness of some older persons—pitiful, at times devastating. "Seldom can a heart be lonely," said Frances Ridley Havergal, "if it seeks one lonelier still."

My decision to make education my life work was reached more than a year after college graduation, with the knowledge it would never bring worldly fortune. I have not departed from the calling then deliberately chosen. Happily there are today no regrets, but sincere gratification that for me the best decision was made, so long ago. I have been spared much misgiving and many a self-conflict by that decision.

I reject the common notion that as one grows older something always happens to the intellect, resulting in impaired mental powers, making it difficult, and finally impossible, to

learn anything new. I continue to be a questing student, with some spirit of adventure—education is never ended. I have travelled on foot, on horse and mule-back, in wagon and in buggy, by horse-cable-electric- and steam car, on shipboard, by automobile, and airplane: now I eagerly look forward to my first trip in the marvelous new jet transport. But I draw the line when it comes to a trip to the moon!

My brain is now old; still it possesses unrealized powers. I have not lost the zest for thinking and for acting—incentives are strong yet. At times I catch myself feeling that if I were a youth once again I would like to devote my life energies to some urgent, worthy cause, as a dedicated crusader. But on reflection I return to a state of contentment with my lot and station, satisfied with tranquil spirit to go onward and forward from my present vantage point to an honorable fulfillment of my destiny.

During recent years, with reduced academic responsibility, I have written a good deal for publication. Writing calls for exactness and precision, publication adds an element of permanency. Even now several literary projects are in mind—more, in fact, than I can hope ever to complete. But it is a pleasure to be working away at them, and I must be willing to relinquish them with tranquil spirit when the time comes.

I am not beyond joining in a hearty laugh; there is real enjoyment in lively sallies of wit and humor—also, there is physical benefit. I have known even young men who seemed never to have had a sense of humor; and many oldsters have unfortunately permitted it to die and disappear as if it had never been. It may sound ironical to remark, they don't know what fun they're missing! There's no need to concede to youth a monopoly of fun. Just because you've lived long, "you ain't done livin' yet."

In my later student days I was fortunate enough to have a galaxy of great teachers, including Herbert Baxter Adams, John Bates Clark, and Woodrow Wilson. But some of my

most valuable lessons were taught by personal experience. I would like to refer to a few of these: 1) Acquired knowledge must be held in a fluid condition, always subject to restatement in the light of new discovery and an open mind—there must always be room for possible readjustment. 2) Truer life perspective demands the time dimension. To the child a decade is very long; to the person in middle life a half-century is still long; to the octogenarian three score and ten years are as a dream that is past. With the accelerating tempo of the years, the Arcadian days are gone forever—but glimpses of eternity take on aspects of reality. 3) With the increase of years the importance of established moral convictions, espoused in early life, is more appreciated: they free the mind from the power of passing fancies and the loss of personal resource by the hampering influence of changing *mores*. 4) Through the experience of the years I have learned that the greatest work of art of which I am capable is the totality of my own life—there is no finer fruit I can hold up to my Maker. My best contribution to life is a well-rounded personality.

My health and my friends have made me rich. Good health has been one of my greatest assests. I have tried not to squander it, or treat it irrationally. A second cherished resource, far dearer to me than land or houses or preferred stocks, is my friends. My friendships are beyond all price—they are increasingly precious as years multiply. Almost no friends of my own age now remain; but happy memories crowd upon me: and happily my chosen calling has brought new friends of all ages —the grand total was never greater than today.

For years a fundamental principle has been to have on hand more projects than I could hope to bring to completion. Dreadful would be the day that brought no new challenge. Life's autumn time may be salvaged, made zestful by stimulating, creative deeds whose by-product is a rewarding satisfaction and sweet contentment. If I cannot complete everything I'd like to do, I must not repine because some darling plan comes to naught: I have time for all I ought to do. It is

my business to maintain serenity, a mark of self-mastery, bringing poise and peace. I have lived long enough to take to heart a lesson from the book of Job: "You shall come to the grave in a ripe age, like a sheaf borne home in harvest."

However, I still have work to do—loads to lift. My conception contrasts sharply with that of the mythical sloth, who opined: "God is good. He made the nights to sleep in and the days to rest in." Dull hedonic ease would prove no paradise for me. Real enjoyment and lasting satisfaction spring from some kind of vigorous activity. Knowledge that there is still a place to serve usefully gives a psychological lift: one will not stay long in the doldrums who awakens to the fact that there's a spot for him on the team. It's better to try something and fail than to try nothing and succeed! Browning's immortal words come to mind:

"All that I aspired to be and was not,
Comforts me."

Retirement to me means a fresh start, a shifting from one set of activities to another set at least equally congenial. But this calls for long anticipation and active preparation. The call of the constructive, the challenge to be creative, is ever present —some social contribution commensurate to my talent and opportunity I must still be making.

I can do best what I love to do. Useful employment, so essential to human happiness, is "nature's best physician." Optimum results require good mental climate. If what I am doing is not rewarding to my soul, I had better switch to something congenial where I can be at my best and be on good terms with myself.

Official retirement came to me at age seventy-seven, and only then because a complete new system was put into operation—I was in good health, with unimpaired intellectual vigor. I was made dean-emeritus. But another field was ready: California history was positively attractive. Then for more than

seven years I was director of the California History Foundation. Isn't it time for us elderly persons to quit feeling and acting old just because society has always expected it of us, and demonstrate "the agelessness of the human spirit?" As master of my own soul, my true age is determined by my own inner spirit: I have hurdled three retirements and kept on going!

I have now arrived at a place that permits a backward glance, then a look about me. I recall with gratitude that as a graduate student at Johns Hopkins University it was my good fortune to have as a teacher in two courses Professor Wodrow Wilson. In opening his initial lecture, in 1894, his first sentence (I still have it in my notebook) was this: "The man who knows one thing knows nothing." A scientist has recently expressed the same thought: "He who does not see beyond the rocks does not see the rocks." To know life I must see it whole: life was not given to me to fill with mere fragments, or with trifles. Its implications are manifold. True, it must have a firm center, but also there must be a broad circumference.

There is in my life no room for hate or bitterness toward any person; nor is there time for regressive and negative acts that divide where they have not united, destroy where they have not built up. I have found that the best way to avenge a wrong is not to repeat the offense. My sense of pity is deep, my capacity for sympathy widens with the years, and the need for tenderness towards others has increased.

But to be good merely because it pays would be to miss the mark of my high calling. Striving for happiness just to be happy is to fail to win the guerdon: indeed, it would be closely akin to pharisaism—self-righteousness is not an attribute of the truly righteous. Only in spending one's life in loving service does one find it completely.

Recently I rode by automobile from lovely Glendale to the city of Santa Ana through vast metropolitan Los Angeles.

Though much of the highway was newly-completed six-lane freeway, we encountered almost intolerable delays caused by crowded traffic and "bottle-necks." My imagination failed to conceive the conditions of travel there a short half-century hence—just as I could not have imagined present conditions fifty years ago. I'm quite content to leave that to a younger generation.

But it is fascinating to speculate on "what next" in many fields. Take household equipment as a single example. We expect soon to talk face to face with our friends on the telephone equipped with television screens, and to dial numbers anywhere in the country and even in distant lands. Laundry appliances will enable the housewife to wash, sort, iron, and fold the clothes, all automatically. Electric stoves will cook the food *in absentia*: so, at the desired moment it will be just right, ready to serve. The principle of automation, now in its beginnings, will be applied all along the line; hundreds of new things are just ahead. Some are saying that the greatest industrial revolution is only now getting under way, aided and abetted by nuclear physics. Electronic brains are becoming bigger and better all the time. And we are told all this is but a beginning.

It's positively exhilarating to be looking ahead for novel experiences. Interminable monotony is inexpressibly deadening. Even I, as I express these thoughts, find keen anticipation of this next birthday (February 3, 1958), bringing me to ninety: it gives me an uplift, brightens the present moment.

Naturally, I have been reflecting on the end and aim of life itself. To what purpose do I live? I cannot claim to have a complete answer. Men have been asking the question through the ages. Prophets and historian, scientists and philosophers, poets and theologians—all have been searching for the coveted truth. It is only in the high moments of life that life itself is fully justified.

Of one thing I am certain—no mere faddist ever enters the holy of holies in the temple of life. He may know all about

vitamins and calories, play precisely so many hours, sit in the sun the prescribed number of minutes, adopt the most fastidious formula, even become "a magnificently healthy creature," only to discover at length that he has lived to no great purpose whatever.

In my quest for satisfaction I must rely upon faith and not depend on sight alone. Through humble faith in an all-wise Creator and a beneficent Will of the universe, all the kaleidoscopic changes fall into a symmetrical pattern of supernal beauty. My divine discontent is not with what I possess, but with myself: it charges me to set my sails for the upper currents, to seek to attain higher altitudes for my soul.

There was a time when I imagined a well educated man should have all the answers. Now I know better than that. As by added increments the sum of my knowledge has grown, I have found that the area of my ignorance has widened even more. The expanding universe is a fascinating, bewildering puzzle. True humility befits even the most learned men. Mystery is all about us, from the Easter miracle to the joy of Christmas. To my meager knowledge I must constantly add faith; to the measurable, the imponderable; to the demonstrable, the mystical; to the pragmatic and prosaic, the emotional and poetic.

I am far from presuming even to attempt a final solution to the meaning of life—my own, or life in general. But I dimly apprehend that my spiritual faith somehow links me to the infinite. Life looks different from the way it looked in childhood. Contemplating the incomprehensible distances in space, and the potency of the atom, I feel my utter insignificance in the presence of infinity. But because of my power to think such thoughts, by faith I find myself related to an omniscient Power that transcends human understanding—that Power I call God, who inhabits eternity. And this leads me on to the high hope that I may even partake of the character of God himself.

Without religion my life would be incomplete and inexplicable. But religion is far more than a social conventionality,

quite different from the prevailing *mores* of any group. It is first of all distinctly personal between myself and the Object of my worship. I cannot pull God down from the heavens for my own childish purposes—I must seek to align myself with His great purposes. To me this means the humble way of the cross, the way of service and of love. My religion is so intimately personal, while charged with social implications, that I must not attempt to define it clearly—it is as close as breathing.

The very near approach of ninety makes it possible, I venture to think, to complete my life pattern, adding peace and serenity to quiet hours of a tranquil autumn day and heralding the glad tidings of another blessed Christmas time.

"Semper Fidelis,"

Rockwell D. Hunt

Season's greeting —
Many a memory!

RDH

1957

Of this particular essay five hundred copies have been put into type for Rockwell Dennis Hunt by Harvey E. Scudder, Printer of Stockton.

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY
SAN MARINO 9, CALIFORNIA

LESLIE EDGAR BLISS
LIBRARIAN

May 10, 1951

Mrs. Charlotte Kellogg
Care Mrs. Kate Wood
Box 1655
Carmel, California

Dear Mrs. Kellogg:

Allow me to thank you warmly on behalf of the Huntington Library for the gift to it of the Mary Austin letter to your husband under date of December 4, [1907]. Mrs. Thomas Wood Stevens enclosed it with her letter of April 27 which I am just now acknowledging.

I hope and trust that if you find more Mary Austin correspondence in your husband's files you will make this Library the depository for it.

Gratefully yours,

Leslie E. Bliss

LEB:eh

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY

SAN MARINO, CALIFORNIA 91108

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February 24, 1978

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

On behalf of the Huntington Library,
I acknowledge your kind gift
with many thanks.

Daniel H. Woodward
Librarian

Mrs. James Dickie
P.O. Box 25
Carmel Valley, Ca 93924

Letter to Jean Kellogg Dickie ....1 TLS
by Sara Bard Field
Los Gatos, Oct. 18, 1940

THE HUNTINGTON
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Virginia Rust
~~JEAN F. PRESTON~~
Curator of Manuscripts

March 1, 1978

Mrs. Jean Kellogg Dickie
Post Office Box 25
Carmel Valley
California 93924

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

Your letter addressed to the Librarian has passed through his hands to our Cataloguing Department to be officially entered in our Library records, and finally to me in the Manuscripts Department. Although I know that you have already received official acknowledgement of the gift of the letter from Sara Bard Field Wood to you, dated October 18, 1940, I also wished to send a personal letter of appreciation. It is such a moving letter; one that shows her deep regard for her Carmel circle of friends. Her remarks on Robinson Jeffers are most revealing and give an additional dimension to the fine collection of Sara Bard Field and Charles Erskine Scott Wood papers here at the Huntington Library.

It was very kind of Mrs. Caldwell to ask you to send the letter to the Library. The collection is still growing with the addition of letters such as this from friends and family members. It is truly becoming the memorial that Sara Bard Field hoped for when she first began drawing the threads together. If you have other letters that you would like to add we would be very happy to receive them and add them to the collection.

I am glad to hear that you are still at work on the memoir of your parents and I remember when the Library sent copies of the Mary Austin correspondence to you. We will be glad to work with you when the time comes for publication. If you will let us know the title and publisher of your book, when that is decided, and list the manuscripts you wish to quote from, we will send you the necessary letters of permission. We very much look forward to seeing the fruits of your work.

We are very grateful to you for this letter from Sara Bard Field Wood and I am sure that Mrs. Caldwell will be also when I write to let her know that the letter has arrived.

Yours sincerely,

Virginia Rust

(Mrs.)Virginia Rust
Curator of Manuscripts

vr:wep

P.O. Box 25
Carmel Valley
California 93924

March 11, 1978

Mrs. Virginia Rust
Curator of Manuscripts
The Huntington Library
San Marino
California 91108

Dear Mrs. Rust:

It was gratifying to receive your kind and thoughtful letter regarding the remarkable epistle from Sara Bard Field Wood. I was not aware of the collection at the Huntington until I was informed of it by Mrs. Caldwell.

Another item in my collection that I shall one day present to the Library is a third impression (1904) copy of The Land of Little Rain with a ten line poem dedicated to my mother, written and signed by Mary Austin on the flyleaf. Just recently, my husband referred to the design of the page illustrations as he prepared his own drawings for a poem written by a friend of ours. By the way, it may interest you to know that the wonderful costume (abalone shell and deerskin) that mother wore for her part as the medicine-woman in The Arrow Maker at the Carmel Forest Theater in 1914, I have given to the little museum at the Mary Austin home - I think it is in Independence.

In any case I am grateful for your interest in my memoir which is being read at Berkeley now, thanks to the kindness of Mrs. Caldwell. It is now about 3/4 complete.

If you should be in this region at any time, please let us know as we should be very happy to receive you here.

Very sincerely,

(Mrs. James Dickie)

copy

THE HUNTINGTON
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San Marino, California 91108

~~JEAN F. PRESTON~~
Curator of Manuscripts

Virginia Rust

April 11, 1978

Mrs. James Dickie
Post Office Box 25
Carmel Valley
California 93924

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

Thank you for your letter of March 11, which arrived while I was away from the Library on a short Spring vacation. While in the Bay area I called on Mrs. Caldwell who had asked me to come by to pick up a few more letters to be included in her mother's collection here at the Library. It is always a pleasure to visit her and this time to hear about her trip to China was very exciting. She, of course, knew of your gift to the Library and is very pleased.

We would be very happy, indeed, to receive the copy of The Land of Little Rain with a poem dedicated to your mother written and signed by Mary Austin. This would make a very fine addition to our collection of Mary Austin material and we would greatly appreciate it.

It sounds as though your own book is progressing nicely. We will be anxious to hear more.

Yours sincerely,

Virginia Rust

(Mrs.)Virginia Rust
Curator of Manuscripts

vr:wep

P.O. Box 25
Carmel Valley
California 93924

April 14, 1978

Mrs. Virginia Rust
Curator of Manuscripts
The Huntington Library
San Marino
California 91108

Dear Mrs. Rust:

Thank you very much for your letter of April 11; since receiving it we have sold our home here in the Valley and therefore I am sending you herewith The Land of Little Rain and the four other items listed below. We are going into a small apartment where there is more limited library space.

We have a long standing collection at the Yale Library in New Haven, Connecticut, and I made a Xerox of the Austin poem to my mother to send there. You will note I have added two more Austin first editions, inscribed, and two other items you may care to have: the poem Prelude was awarded a prize for one of the ten best Western Books when Ritchie printed it - the year of my mother's death; Headquarter's Nights was famous in its time and contains a Foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. I hope these two books will extend my parent's representation at the Huntington.

Kindly use some care in opening the hand made package which I hope will arrive in good order. When we move in a month or two I shall let you know our new address. It is good to know you have had even a short vacation.

Cordially, J.K.D.

Under separate cover:

1. The Land of Little Rain (with poem) 1904
2. The Ford 1st. Ed. - inscribed to the Kelloggs
3. Santa Lucia 1st. Ed. - inscribed to Charlotte and Vernon

(all by Mary Austin)

4. Prelude by Charlotte Kellogg; printed by Ward Ritchie 1960
5. Headquarters Nights by Vernon Kellogg ,Atlantic Monthly Press
Foreword by Theodore Roosevelt 1917

copy

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April 24, 1978

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

On behalf of the Huntington Library,
I acknowledge your kind gift
with many thanks.

Daniel H. Woodward,
Librarian

Mrs. James Dickie
P.O. Box 25
Carmel Valley, Calif. 93924

Please see list next page .....

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JUNE WILCOX
Preparations Librarian

Gifts of Mrs. James Dickie
April, 1978

Austin, Mary (Hunter). The Ford...with illus. by E.Boyd Smith (Inscribed by author). Houghton,Miffline, Boston, NY 1917

Austin, Mary (Hunter). The Land of Little Rain. (Inscribed by author, with ms. poem). Houghton,Mifflin, Boston Ny. 1904

Austin, Mrs. Mary (Hunter) Santa Lucia, a common story. (Inscribed by author) Harper & Row, NY. London 1908

Kellogg, Vernon Lyman. Headquarters NIghts; a record of conversations and experiences at the Headquarters of the German Army in France and Belgium Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston [c1917]

Kellogg, Charlotte. Prelude. Ward Ritchie Press, 1960 n.p.

24537 Castro Lane
Carmel, CA 93921
June 9, 1973

Dear Mrs. Dickie,

This errand is a little pleasanter than when, last February, I phoned you to tell you of Eric Barker's death. I am down in Carmel again, escaping the heat of Davis, for the month of June. I find I miss Eric more and more, and especially when I get out to Pt. Lobos where he and I often rambled.

The other morning an old acquaintance of mine, Roger West, phoned me up and asked if I would join him in a short walk to the marsh at the foot (or is it the mouth?) of Carmel river. Roger wanted to see some birds. We saw one mallard and three or four red-winged blackbirds! I asked him if he had ever seen the pigeon guillemots on Lobos, and he said he had not. We walked back to his place on 15th Ave. and were about to leave when Mrs. Richard (Betty) Bell, who lives across the street, drove up. We invited her along. To my amazement I discovered that neither of these longtime residents had ever been on the Northside trail, nor seen the guillemots. We found those chunky black sea birds with the brilliant orange-red feet and splashes of white on their wings, and we had a fine walk. It was on the way back that Mrs. Bell said that you had some beautiful slides of low-tide, or underwater, caves of the area. She wondered if you would be willing to show them some time to a small group; and she offered her house for the occasion. I told her that, thanks to Eric, I had met you, and had talked with you three or four times, and that I would inquire.

Well, just in case you ARE interested, do give me a ring some time, or drop a note. I expect that almost any time this month that is agreeable with you would be fine. I'm reachable at 624-7769 (listed under the name of my sister Agnes Irwin, at whose house I am staying).

In any case, I hope you are thriving, and doing more of your exciting paintings, and enjoying the delicious interaction of ocean breezes and warm weather.

With all good wishes,

Richard Irwin

Re- Evie Barker

November 27, 1964

Mrs. Millie Jackson
Desert Ho
120 West Vereda Sur
Palm Springs, California

Dear Millie:

Thanks for the jolly Thanksgiving card. It found us at our new home - Ford and Story Roads, Carmel Valley 93924 -- Telephone: 659-4077. We have left the shore for the sun and less work and new but beautiful scenery. It was just too much for us both to keep up the point and be artists too. You'll love our new place and some day we will have a swimming pool -- not as big as yours!

This brings you and Max a great deal of love. Looking forward to our next visit,

Affectionately,

Jean,

I've just returned from Northern California where I was visiting the Yerba Buena Press. At a Rare Plant Nursery I visited on this journey, I located some Apricot Foxgloves. I have planted them in the garden

In Jim's memory —

Lou Lee

June 9, 1986

Dear Jean,

Thank you for sending me the notice of Tini's death. I had not known of it and I am so sorry. Pleased that he is no longer suffering, but knowing that that is of little help to you. I am thinking of you Jean, and hoping you will

be able to bear this with all the fortitude you have shown in bearing past losses.

How splendid for everyone that Tim's work will be available to see in the Cartoon Art Museum and that there is a possibility that the M.S. will be published. How special that will be.

Dear when you feel you would like to get out with people, please do come to Fox House for tea or dinner — I'd love to see you, Lee

L.M. Jeffers
22304 Ocean View Ave.
Carmel, Calif. 93923
624-9509

Anne Nardone
Docent from San Jose
called regarding speech
call toward End of August

Mr. James Dickie
428 Monroe Street
Monterey,
California 93940

11318 Duluth Ave.,
Youngtown, Arizona until May 15

May 9, 1961

Dear Jean Kellogg:

Just now, when I am gathering things together for the annual summer trip to Maine (Chebeague Island, Maine is the correct address) I am doing some things that it has been hard; but inexcusable, not, to have done before. The book that you sent Christmas time was so lovely.

I lost Eric, January 3, 1960. The news item went out on A.P. and I had to trust to luck that most people saw it. But if they didn't , I couldn't have written anyhow. It is hard for me now to break it~~n~~now to people who will care, as I know you will. Because when I say Dec. 3, 1960, I know it isn't true. It was yesterday. There seem to be so many brave people in the world, but I am not one.

Thank you so much for copy 158, which I know you will let me keep. I have read it and shall read it many times, and even I know what a remarkable writing it is. I aslo realize that every word and every phrase would have so much meaning to Eric. He and your mother were such understanding friends.

I spend 7 winter months in lovely Arizona, in our home here, and 5 summer months in our home on Chebeague, as lovely in its summer season, as Youngtown.

I know how much it has meant to you to do this for your mother, and to do it so exquisitely. I have prepared this winter a short ~~story~~ Polish history that Eric left, and hope it will be published.

Most sincerely,

Katharine E. Kelly

Mrs. Eric P. Kelly

Eric Kelly
Polish author

author- Eric P. Kelly

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KERN COUNTY MUSEUM
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CLARENCE CULLIMORE
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ARDIS WALKER
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Secretary
F. F. LATTA
Director of Museum

October 18, 1948

Dear Miss Kellogg:

Here are the fossilized sharks teeth I promised you. They came from an area near the Kern River locally called Sharks-tooth Hill. Teeth of this nature have been found here ever since white people first came into these parts. As to why they are found here in such profusion is a great mystery. I believe David Starr Jordan investigated the matter at one time, and that a couple of papers have been written regarding the teeth. It's been some time since I read about them so I'm afraid I can't give you their scientific names. However, if you're that interested, I will see what I can find. You can at least feel certain that they're several million years old.

When you next come through the Valley be sure and stop in and see us.

Sincerely yours,

Richard Bailey
Asst. Director, Kern County Museum

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MISS ELEANOR WILSON

KERN COUNTY MUSEUM

Fair Grounds, North Chester Avenue
BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA

November 29, 1948

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Director of Museum
RICHARD BAILEY
Assistant Director

Dear Miss Kellogg:

I cannot fully express my sincere appreciation for the pen and ink sketch of the puma which you have sent me. Our puma seems to have a rather complex personality; it shall probably take me quite a time to figure it out. I'm a detective at heart, so this sketch pleases me no end.

From this time forward I shall be on the lookout for your work. I rather suspected at Santa Barbara that you were no amateur, and this puma lets the cat out of the bag completely.

Should we be able to get loose from the Museum next spring and be over in your part of the State, we shall be only too happy to stop by. I hope your mother is better.

Sincerely yours,

Richard Bailey

P.S. The enclosed clipping may be of interest, particularly in the event you chance to be a "rock-hound."

BOX 12 • WHITE OAK WAY
CARMEL VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

May 31 – 1960

Dear Jean – I want to put on a few written words, some thoughts about Charlotta and you – I do not want to add to your burden of correspondence so promise me, your acknowledgement will be a hug & a smile when next we meet.

So many times, when visiting with Charlotta, I thought how fortunate I was to come into her orbit, though even then it was late in her life: what vitality, what a mind, what personality she had! and that glow there, must have been a warm flame when she was younger. Several times she reminisced about Washington

Europa, old friends! - I remember the little gold chain prompted some delightful and amusing memories, & how her keen eyes did sparkle - In these last long racking months (nay, years!) I have grown to love you both so dearly - and there are no words I can find to tell you how deeply touched I am with the exquisite cloth that Charlotta wanted me to have - that, and the Polish Sugar box, I value among my cherished possessions.

And you Jean, what heroism you have shown - really, that is the fitting, appropriate word - your devotion, tenderness, selflessness and love have [illegible] most sincerest admiration -

you have a tremendous force a spiritual force within you, which I'm sure all your friends feel - it's a "stillness" which gives your life meaning and a glow - Be happy in that you do have this indescribable endowment.

One more thought - when you were harassed ~~and~~ weighed down with ~~responsibility~~ + anxiety, you found at your very door great beauty - and you found original ways and means ~~to~~ of which to communicate this beauty of the caves. To those not so courageous - Thus you shared with others, what you had seen -

Now we know your creative work will benefit, and Charlotte will be so pleased and proud —

Carry on dear Jean just as you are doing Bless you! always.

Fondly, your friend,
Minnie

Mrs. Lee Klein

LAW OFFICES
HUDSON, MARTIN, FERRANTE & STREET
490 CALLE PRINCIPAL • POST OFFICE BOX 112
MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA 93940
TELEPHONE (408) 375-3151

DATE: June 14, 1978

TO: Dear Jim and Jean

Thank you for the beautiful painting of the kneeling man, the print of Monterey Harbor and Jim's dog. They are wonderful and I thank you both for myself and my wife

Sincerely

Eappy

HUDSON, MARTIN, FERRANTE & STREET
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
490 CALLE PRINCIPAL · POST OFFICE BOX 112
MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA 93940

SALINAS, CA
PM
14 JUN
1978
939

Mr & Mrs James Dickie
Carmel Valley
Caly 93924

3245 Military Ave,
Los Angeles,
California
90034,
May 7th 1968.

Dear Mrs Dickie

Received a letter from Mrs Church telling me you have an Indian costume worn by Mrs Kellogg when she played the part of "The Chisera" in Mary Austins play the Arrowmaker in Carmel in 1914. I understand you want to give it to someone and we would be delighted to have it for the Mary Austin Home in Independence where we will have it on display with the necessary information on a card on it.
If you will please sent the Indian costume to us at our Los Angeles address we will be happy to pay the postage on it.

Yours Sincerely,
Mary Ann Lewis

Costume sent
5/20/68 J.K.D.

3245 Military Ave,
Los Angeles,
California
90034
May 28th 1968

Dear Mrs Dickie,

The "Chisera costume arrived same and sound, and I can hardly express my thanks for it is simply lovely, and it was so kind of you to offer to pay for the postage.

We are going to take it up to Independence in June and my son Jim and I will work on it and do what ever is necessary. The picture of your mother is simply stunning and will certainly help in putting the necklace together.

Again my sincere thanks for this lovely gift.

I hope someday you will come to Independence and visit the Mary Austin Home and see the "Chisara" costume and picture on display

Very Sincerely
Mary Ann. Lewis.
(Mrs Roy Lewis)

Notes concerning "EXPOSITION OF DYNAMIC SYMMETRY", 1943

A photograph of the Jean Kellogg studio, by EDWARD WESTON.

Jean's studio in the Carmel Highlands was of the simplest; a shingled structure on Walden Road with one large room with north light, oil heater, small kitchen, one small bedroom beyond and one below the work space. Built by my aunt, Mrs. Regula Bernays , at the request of my mother away in the east, the place cost $2000. Its only claim to fame was the fact that Paul Dougherty had rented it while he was building his own handsome dwelling higher up on the hill. This must have been in 1930 or '31 while I was still at Yale.

In 1943, when Edward made this photograph, I had come back to paint on the coast.

The back view of the shack was really horrendous as can easily be seen in the photograph. Since the photographer called on me from time to time, he must have noticed the satiric possibilities.

One morning Weston arrived bringing with him his wife, Charis, her brother Leon, a labor activist, and Edward's son Neil. Of course he had everything worked out in advance, and refused to allow me to remove or hide any of the ugly objects at the rear of the house. He then asked the four of us to appear at the windows, the boys with other implements, Charis seated on a pillow on a windowsill in a rather sexy pose, while he asked me to remain behind a screen in an upstairs window -- possibly a reference to what he cannily perceived to be my somewhat repressed personality.

Being at a loss for a title for his print, he absent mindedly asked what I had been doing recently. "Oh," I said, "I have been studying DYNAMIC SYMMETRY (by Hambridge)." "Wonderful," Weston said, "We'll call the photograph EXPOSITION OF DYNAMIC SYMMETRY."

And so my studio went off to New York's Museum of Modern Art, where it had a warm reception, I think was sold, and then became part of the Museum's permanent collection!

Written 50 years later by Jean Kellogg

for Russell Lewis - Nov '93

DYNAMIC SYMMETRY

June 24, 1964

Dear Jean and James,

How much it meant to Nanna and Missy and me to learn of your contribution to Dick's memorial at the hospital! If we didn't know the peninsula was full of friends who loved Dick and this family we would feel uprooted, unfounded and most lonely. — Having kindness from friends is our staff. — I do so hope we may see you two this fall. — We missed seeing you, Jean, and learning to know you, James. — I hope we can bridge the gaps soon.

With love,
Nanny Lofton

Mrs. Richard Lofton —

& life's loveliness can be caught
and kept. -

Merry Christmas to you -
Missy and I will be in Boston
with Donna and Edward
for Christmas - but we hope
to see you soon after our return -

With love
Nancy Dalton

Hallmark

150NX 15-3

© HALLMARK CARDS, INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.

December 15, 1966

Dear Jean, Dear Jim

Thanks you for your card and your letter - and lets do have a show ! Dicks beautiful drawings - . I saw several of your best beloved drawings at Johnni Klemmes house the other day and I rejoiced at how much endures - - how much